THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

LIKE TO LIKE.

The soul grows like the things it holds most dear,
And is as its love, or foul or fair,
Gross as a noisome weed, or light as air.
Now creeps 'mid low desires in servile fear.
Now rises on strong wings through heavens clear,
Leaving the earth with all its weight of care
To taste delights which only spirits share,
Who to each other and to God are near.

Love justice then, truth and sweet purity,—
An unseen spirit thou, seek good unseen,
So shall thy real self become all free
And move above base passions like a queen,
Upborne to higher worlds where facts agree
With thought and hope, and love with what we ween.

—Archbishop Spalding.

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W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AND SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

We do not believe that the objection, on the part of the Presbyterian and Methodist ministerial associations, to the graduation services of the State Normal School in the Greek Theater on Sunday were well grounded.

The present writer attended the services and found them very uplifting. Everything, throughout, was devout and religious.

If it be said that the long afternoon service crowded the day and kept some who were in attendance away from the regular church services, morning or evening, let it be remarked that many doubtless were thus kept away from some worthless five or ten-cent entertainment.

Of course we do not wish to see Sunday, the day set apart especially for church services, crowded with other things. But exception can well be made occasionally for a service having something like this inspiring ritual of graduation.

We venture the assertion that hundreds of people were more profoundly impressed for good by what they heard that Sunday afternoon in the Greek Theater in Berkeley than by what they heard in the churches. And we do not mean to discount the worth of the church service.

Preachers should not be forgetful of the fact that the gospel and the God of the gospel are getting into the lives and hearts of the people in many ways nowadays.

The exercises in the Greek Theater that Sunday afternoon had in the beginning this prayer:

"Lo, in thy name, Most High,
We assemble, meek and humble;
All with lofty aim enkindled;
Touch, illumine every heart!"

And on the lips of the heralds as they entered were these words:

"Thou who on marble tablets wrought the law,
And spake Thy word in thunders from the clouds
On Sinai's top; Thou who didst teach Thy way
To Job, and who of old didst give the light
To prophets, look Thou down from mighty heights;
Inspire our humble word that we reveal
Thy truth this day, our solemn pledge sustain.
For we a covenant intend to make
With Thee, and with the children of the land,
And with the State, in ceremonial rite."

Deeply impressive was that part in the procession of initiates where "Woman" said:

"I would put these, my laws, upon your heart
And upon your mind, also, would I write them.
"Age differeth from age as star from star
In glory. But in every age my name
Burns at the zenith. Yea, in every age
"Is woman, woman. Speak, my lips, and give
These listening hearts a loyal utterance.
To be a woman! Know you what it means
To be a woman? Worthily to hold
The place God gave you, worthily to keep
Life's heart fires burning, worthily aspire
And inspire. Genius, genius consummate
Is woman's—genius of the heart, whose power
Doth furnish all our world with light and heat,
And music. Womanhood! The very word
Illumines every day's most common need,
And makes it beautiful.

"So, be my name
Your name, my work your work, my gifts your gifts,
Upon this one condition. . . . That you hold
Most dear the things that make a woman."

Then responded the young women who were to be graduated and sent out into the work for which they had been training:

"Yea!
And be your name our name, your work our work,
Your gifts our gifts; for we do hold most dear
Those things that make a woman.'

In the consecration to childhood, "Woman" said, in a manner which must have left deep impress on the consciousness of the initiates:

"Teach my little ones
Belief in love, belief in righteousness,
And bid them know the brave and beautiful
And true, believing in belief. From these,
My children, must I draw a new and great
Tomorrow. If you love me, therefore, love
And lift my children. For of such
Is the kingdom of heaven."

Then followed "the lesson of humility," "the lesson of reverence," "the lesson of usefulness," "the lesson of human fellowship."

In one part of the service there was consecration to professional ideals. The right to humanity's heritage was graphically set forth, and the young women took among other pledges that of social service:

"That the world may be brighter, that love may be greater, that man may rise higher, we here and now dedicate all the forces of education to the ideals of social justice, to the end that the workers of the world may be given that creative intelligence which will raise them to the dignity of the builders of great things. In the service of this greater education may we do our work, that the burden of oppression may be lifted from the bended back of toil; that the world may be rid of warring greed; that class be joined with class; that effort be given reward in the measure that it creates; that man shall work with man, and all for the welfare of all."

And the prayer in connection was:

"Sculptors of life are we as we stand;
Lo, the souls uncarved before us!

Teach us Thy way, O guide our hand,
Thou who givest holy light!"

After the vows of the teacher had been taken the benediction was:

"And may the divinity that shines through the souls of men keep alive these resolves, for the honor of our calling, and that each may receive from the Master of Life those rewards of the spirit which are given only to the individual who labors in harmony with the designs of Him by whom all things are designed."

Then came the refrain:

"Lord, God of Hosts, be with them yet,
Lest they forget,
Lest they forget."

The service then wound toward its close with the words: "Yonder are problems worth your solving, work worth your doing, souls worth your saving, lives worth your living. Yonder are your workshops of life and Duty stands waiting at the door. Yonder your world is waking your day is dawning. Go forth—and God speed you."

From those who were being sent out for the fulfillment of the solemn vows they had taken came the response:

"We go—and we go as
'One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;
Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep, to wake."

Here and there throughout the service were sacred chants and solos such as "The Kingdom of Heaven is within us," "The Lord is mindful of His own, He remembers His children;" "He shall feed his flock;" "Lead the children;" "If ye truly seek me." A closing anthem was 'Lift Thine Eyes."

No impressible person could have witnessed that guild service and ritual of graduation without the thought, as the Psalmist has uttered it:

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains.
From whence shall my help come?
My help cometh from Jehovah,
Who made heaven and earth."

KEEPERS OF THE GATE OF JUSTICE.

During the first five months of this year there were thirteen lynchings of negroes in the Southern States and not one was because of assaults on women. All were because of crimes, or alleged crimes, much less horrible in general estimate than that. The negro is entitled to the same treatment as a white man is entitled to. No one acquainted with events in our land during the last few decades will venture to argue that he is getting that fair treatment.

Ever since we read it in the May number of The Century Magazine there has been sounding in our ears that little poem, "At the Closed Gate of Justice," by James D. Corrothers:

To be a Negro in a day like this
Demands forgiveness. Bruised with blow on blow,
Betrayed, like him whose woe-dimmed eyes gave bliss,
Still must one succor those who brought one low,
To be a Negro in a day like this.

To be a Negro in a day like this
Demands rare patience—patience that can wait
In utter darkness. 'Tis the path to miss,
And knock, unheeded, at an iron gate,
To be a Negro in a day like this.

To be a Negro in a day like this
Demands strange loyalty. We serve a flag
Which is to us white freedom's emphasis.
Ah! one must love when truth and justice lag,
To be a Negro in a day like this.

To be a Negro in a day like this—
Alas! Lord God, what evil have we done?
Still shines the gate, all gold and amethyst,
But I pass by, the glorious goal unwon,
"Merely a Negro"—in a day like **this!**

Several years ago three of the best-beloved citizens of Seattle, while out on a hunting expedition, had their boat overturned in the waters of Puget Sound. Out of the darkness of the night a ranchman on shore heard their cries and turned away with the thought and remark, "Only a drunken Siwash!' He said afterward that he would have gone to their rescue if he had thought the cries came from white men. They in need were worthy of help; a red man was not. Thus because of this dangerous current running through our civilization, a disregard of the principle of brotherhood, three men of worth and prominence were allowed to cling to their upturned boat for hours in the cold waters of the Sound and finally to sink therein.

All over our land today people are turning away from men, their brethren, merely for the reason that they do not measure up to what they regard as their standards of life. The need is for more helping hands. We do not enslave men now as the South once enslaved the negro, but we enslave them nevertheless. For its disregard of the principle of brotherhood through years of African slavery, this nation paid an awful price on the battlefields of the civil war. Every disregard of brotherhood has its penalty.

A DEPARTMENTAL CHURCH

The Universalist Leader has suggested to the churches of this country the substitution of the word "department" for "denomination." It is in part as follows:

"The Congregational Department,"
"The Episcopalian Department,"
"The Methodist Department,"
"The Baptist Department,"
"The Presbyterian Department,"
"The Universalist Department."

The Northwestern Christian Advocate, a paper quoted by The Pacific of late as advocating federation and unity in a way Methodists scarcely dreamed of a few years ago, says as to this suggestion:

"That doesn't look bad, and when you intone it the sound is good. Departmentalized, the Churches would assume their real and proper relation to each other. Instead of competitive would come the co-operative principle; instead of different establishments strung along the highway like individual stores, all would be gathered under one protecting roof of the Church, and adopt the policy of the great department store where the laborers in each department, though particularly engrossed in their particular work, are sympathetically interested in every other worker, and the success of the whole.

"In spirit we accept such a relation, but when it comes to actual practice we are fenced round about by all-exclusive names. We are like sheep that have been herded and fenced into separate pastures who, long since recognizing the needlessness of such barriers, would fain merge into one great fold were it not that the merciless pickets forestall any attempt to either break through or leap over.

"The failure of the attempts made by one or other denomination to change its name is not due to any fanatical zeal for the old nomenclature, or that the body of any Church membership feel that the subject is hardly worthy of serious consideration. We love the term Methodist because of its associations just as the bride loves her maiden name. But she freely drops it for another for the sake of a loving union. If such an opportunity for spiritual union should come to two Protestant congregations—say a Methodist and a Congregational—we have that confidence in the finer spirtual sense of either body to believe there would be no quarreling or hesitating about which name to adopt. The desire for a united body would break down all differences.

"This, after all, is not the age of names, it is the age of deeds. We are all one in the essential spirit and the sooner we cease using high sounding terms of affection that will soon become tinkling cymbals, and follow up our declarations with actual deeds, the better will it be for the fold of Christ.

"The Methodist Department! That has a sort of family sound that is pleasing in the extreme."

A PRESENT-DAY DISCUSSION OF THE HAYES-TILDEN CONTEST FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

We wondered what would happen when Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, said in the May number of The Century Magazine: "The time is coming, if it has not already arrived, when among fair-minded and intelligent Americans there will not be two opinions touching the Hayes-Tilden contest for the Presidency—that both by the popular vote and a fair count of the electoral vote Tilden was elected and Hayes was defeated."

Asserting that the whole truth underlying the determinate incidents which led to the rejection of Tilden and the seating of Hayes will never be known, Mr. Watterson writes: "In the first administration of Mr. Cleveland there were present at a dinner table in Washington, the President being of the party, two leading Democrats and two leading Republicans who had sustained confidential relations to the principals and played important parts in the drama of the disputed succession. These latter had long been on terms of personal intimacy. The occasion was informal and joyous, the good fellowship of the heartiest. Inevitably the conversation drifted to the electoral commission which had counted Tilden out and Hayes in, and of which each of the four had some story to tell. Beginning with banter, with interchange of badinage, it presently fell into reminiscence, deepening as the interest of the listeners rose to what under different conditions might have been described as unguided gaiety, if not imprudent garrulity. The little audience was rapt. Finally Mr. Cleveland raised both hands and exclaimed, 'What would the people of this country think if the roof could be lifted from this house and they could hear these men?' And then one of the four gentlemen, noted for his wealth both of money and humor, replied, 'But the roof is not going to be lifted from this house, and if any one repeats what I have said I will denounce him as a liar.'"

Though Mr. Watterson's article had nothing conclusive it was so full of damaging imputations that we regard it as fortunate that ex-enator Edmunds, the last survivor of the members of the select committees of the two houses who conducted the passage of the electoral bill, and the last survivor of the members of the electoral commission, has made reply in the June Century. He says: "I believe that the time has come when, among fair-minded and intelligent Americans who will investigate the public and printed documents and papers in existence on the subject, there will be few divergent opinions touching the justice and the lawfulness of the election of Mr. Hayes." "They will find," says Mr. Edmunds, that he was lawfully elected and instituted to the office by fair and lawful means."

Mr. Edmunds says that all the papers relating to the action of the senate committee on the electoral bill, and of the conferences with the house committee, are in his possession and are open to the examination of the student, the politician and the historian.

THE NEW PROFESSOR OF OLD TESTAMENT EXEGESIS IN SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

The Continent one of the representative journals of American Presbyterianism, comments as follows on the selection of Dr. Day's successor:

"The announcement that Dr. W. H. Oxtoby, pastor of the great Tabernacle church of Philadelphia, has accepted the chair of Old Testament exegesis in San Francisco Seminary cannot fail to occasion regret in eastern church circles, from which Dr. Oxtoby's personality and influence are about to be withdrawn. But looking at the matter in the large, and considering the benefit of the whole church, one cannot refuse to applaud the wisdom of the choice which the seminary directors have made. And of course that means that Dr. Oxtoby is right in accepting the appointment. After the long controversy over the teaching of his predecessor, Dr. Day, it would be vain to intimate that Dr. Oxtoby is going to an easy situation. But his constitutional evenness and balance of temper make the new professor singularly adapted to the task of reconciling and satisfying extremes—so long as those extremes are all comprehended within the steadfast loyalty to the Scriptures, inspired of God. And certainly the synod itself, weary long of the long debate, is prepared in spirit to receive such a man. With all these happy conditions considered, it is a prophecy, as sure as it is pleasant, to predict a successful and useful incumbency for Professor Oxtoby in San Francisco Seminary."

THE TREND FROM ROMAN CATHOLICISM TO PROTESTANTISM AND VICE VERSA.

Under the caption of "Barriers Being Burned Away," "the Churchman Afield" of the Boston Transcript remarks:

"Protestant leaders express gratification that the Roman Catholic Church has, for the first time in its history in America, formally recognized conditions in other religious bodies. Very Rev. Vincent McNabb, an English Dominican, backed by the American Dominicans and the Holy Name Society, has just given a lecture in New York on the subject of The Roman Movement in the Anglican Communion. Protestants in Episcopal and Presbyterian churches, speaking

of the lecture from reports in the newspapers, disclaim any wish to proselyte or to criticize, but add that when Rome opens the door to let Protestants in, some Catholics are more than likely to go out. What they mean is that the lecture breaks down barriers, and when so broken, Christian unity and fellowship are advanced.

"These Protestants say that Father McNabb is in possession of only half of the ground. He sees Roman tendencies among Protestants and congratulates Catholics that tides are setting their way. But, say these Protestant leaders, tides are running both ways, and never more strongly than today. Protestants who have just been consulted are prominent clergy of New York, Boston, Brooklyn, Newark, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Chicago, Seattle and Minneapolis, and in Episcopal and Presbyterian churches, showing a fairly representative sentiment in point of geography, and in two influential Protestant bodies. Bishop Greer of New York says that Roman Catholic priests apply to him frequently to be received into the Episcopal Church through him; a former Paulist is now rector of a prominent parish, and he believes that rather more Catholics turn Protestants than the reverse. He says he takes little interest in the changes, however, and desires only the advance of the kingdom of God. He says he is anxious for real Christian unity with Catholics as with other bodies.'

Official records of some great churches of America, in the cities named below, have been opened and their contents certified to, not at all to further a controversy; but to prove that this is a period in which people do their own thinking and, without always observing denominational lines, tie themselves up to churches wherein they feel that they can accomplish most for God and their fellowmen. Records of great Presbyterian churches as follows show an average of five per cent of their entire membership to come from the Roman Catholic Church; Westminster, Minneapolis; Brick, Rochester; First, Seattle; First, Newark; Covenant, Cincinnati; Tabernacle, Philadelphia; and University Place and West End, New York. For example, the University Place, New York, has in its membership 130 former Roman Catholics; the First Presbyterian, Newark, 150; the First of Seattle, 25. If the same proportion obtains throughout the Presbyterian Church former Roman Catholics now in its active membership number 70,000. The churches named were selected at random, and the figures are official.

Precisely the same story is obtained from Episcopal Church records. Those consulted at random included the famous Church of the Advent, Boston, Holy Trinity, Brooklyn; St. Thomas, Brooklyn; St. Peter's, Chicago; and Gethsemane, Minneapolis. For example, St. Thomas, Brooklyn, has above 100. Rev. Dr. Shaw of Chicago says: "Every confirmation class brings some Roman Catholics in St. Peter's." If the same proportion obtains throughout the Episcopal Church as a whole as obtains in these individual churches selected at random, the number of former baptised and confirmed Roman Catholics now in the Episcopal membership list is 45,000 to 50,000. No statement is made by Protestant leaders that such numbers are there. All that is affirmed is that such proportion obtains in the churches whose records were looked up.

Rev. William H. van Allen of Boston is regarded as a leader of the High Church Episcopal party. His church, the Advent, is the leading one of its kind in New England. He and his congregation are the ones to whom the English Dominican appeals. It will be noticed that he refers to the Episcopal as the "American Catholic Church," and to the pope as the "Bishop of Rome." He says:

'There are in the Advent many former Roman Catholics who have conformed to the American Catholic Church. I find them very faithful and reliable in their duties. It happens that in almost every confirmation class some are presented who have been baptized Roman Catholics. Of sourse those who have received Roman Catholic confirmation are not reconfirmed by us, the sacraments being the same. Where persons have gone from the American Church to the Roman and then re turned, as happens frequently, I require them publicly to renounce the authority of the bishop of Rome and the errors of doctrine which are taught by him, that the scandal of their first change may be corrected Where, however, they come to the Advent from the Roman Church through conviction I do not require a public renunciation. Since the publication of the papal decree, "Ne Temere," an increasingly large number of Roman Catholics have sought marriage at my hands. We always explain to them what being married in our church means in regard to their relations to the Roman church, and they always reply that they fully understand and are acting deliberately."

Rev. J. Howard Melish, Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, states that he has in his parish one former Roman Catholic priest and one former deacon, besides others. Asked whether the tendency is to stay, Dr. Melish and all others state that it is invariably so. Rev. W. H. Oxtoby, Tabernacle, Philadelphia, says: "Former Roman Catholics make excellent Presbyterians, and in our church are among our best members." Rev. Duncan M. Genns, St. Thomas, Brooklyn, says: "They stay and prove loyal." Rev. Robert Watson, Cincinnati, says: "All who come to us are young people. We have never had a whole family unite with our church."

Rev. Dr. A. E. Keigwin, West End Presbyterian Church, New York, says: "I have received Roman Catholics into the membership of all churches in which I have labored, and by way of admiration for the careful way in which Catholics school their members let me say that these accessions have greatly strengthened the working forces of my churches. It seems to me that every churchman recognizes that not only theology, but Christian life and church membership are in a state of flux in these days. There is a passing from church to church as never before in history. This is true of the ministry as well as the laity. I do not think that these facts argue that any particular church is attaining an ascendency. It seems to me that these facts indicate rather the breaking down of old-time barriers and give promise of a day when a true spiritual union, if not organic, will result."

MORE MEDIEVAL HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

Spiritual Life and Decay.

Two institutions (so called for lack of a better name), in their ups and downs, marked the flow and ebb of spiritual life in the churches of San Francisco in the early days and onward—the Daily Prayer Meeting and the City Tract Society.

When the Y. M. C. A. began its work here it was truly Christian enterprise. Nearly all its work was in spiritual things, and it gave little heed to athletics. Those connected with it held street meetings and did real mission-

ary work in many directions. Among other things they maintained a daily noon prayer-meeting in their upper room on Washington street below Kearny. This meeting was well sustained and showed a good degree of spiritual life in the churches.

When the Rev. Mr. Earle, a noted evangelist, held his series of revival meetings here, he took charge of this meeting, and it was transferred to the basement of Calvary Church, on Bush street. So long as he stayed, and for a good while after, the room was well filled and a high spiritual tone prevailed in it. But little by little, the influence of Mr. Earle's meetings declined, attendance on this meeting grew thinner, and it was transferred to a smaller room in Trinity Episcopal Church on Pine street above Montgomery, where it led a flickering life, a few zealous souls doing all they could to sustain it, but laboring under great discouragement. At this time, and during the ten or more years following, I wrote many articles for The Pacific, urging Christians to sustain this test meeting and recounting many of the blessings that followed its work. But it dwindled and threatened to die. Yet every proposal to discontinue it roused an earnest protest, and by special efforts it was revived again.

After D. L. Moody's first campaign here the pastors of nearly all the churches adopted the Daily Prayer Meeting, and undertook to sustain it. This was the jubilee season of the life of this institution. Nearly all the pastors of the Protestant churches made it heir business o atend and sustain this meeting, and its daily sessions were scenes of great interest and enthusiasm. Many special requests for prayer were presented, and many special answers to special requests were reported. From all over the state and places outside the state, came letters of thanksgiving for blessings received in answer to our united prayers. God was with us and there was great joy and blessing in His service. His "set time to favor Zion" had come, and her days of triumph were secure.

But "Satan also came among them," and he watched his chance. Some of the pastors ceased to attend and their excuse was that they were very busy in looking after the converts in the Moody meetings. This set other pastors at work to secure their share of these converts as members of their churches. It was an unholy rivalry, and Satan rejoiced. The time soon came when the pastors were conspicuous by their absence. Of course, the people fell away and the meeting languished and seemed about to die. In gathering the spoils of battle they forgot the necessity of keeping up the fighting, and the enemy trimphed. The attendance at the meeting grew so small that it was decided to leave the Pine Street church and go to the rooms of the Y. M. C. A., then located on California street, putting the meeting in the care of that Association. Its fate was fixed. The pastors had disowned their adopted child, and it was left in charge of an unsympathizing wet nurse. So it pined and lived on weakly. A few faithful Christians refused tto give it up, and for yeyars continued to come together daily to plead with God for Zion and for souls, but most of our church members did not even know that such a meeting was held, and even some of the pastors believed it was dead.

Sometimes the meeting had a spasmodic revival. When the Y. M. C. A. removed to their own building on Sutter street, considerable effort was made to revive it. Some of the pastors came in occasionally and led the meeting for a day, and on some days fifty or more people were in attendance,and some souls were converted. But this did not last. Religious feeling in the churches was steadily declining, and the Daily Prayer Meeting pined and dwindled, and only one pastor continued to attend faithfully, doing what he could meanwhile to revive interest in the meeting, and at last, when the Y. M. C. A. removed to their fine building on Golden Gate Avenue, the meeting was left behind, with the dirt and rubbish.

Through all these years the vitality of this meeting was a sure test of the spirituality of the churches of this city. And what this is today we may infer from the same test. Suppose some pastor, his soul distressed by the low religious state of the city, were to propose in a regular meeting of our Church Federation that all the churches unite in maintaining a union noonday prayer-meeting for the revival of Christ's work here, how would the proposal be received? With smiles and silence. Probably no one would second the motion. The churches of San Francisco have not enough of spiritual life to make such a meeting a possibility.

A NOTE CONCERNING THE ORGANIZATION OF THE SAN FRANCISCO Y. M. C. A.

In the summer of 1851 Rev. Frank Rising came to San Francisco to visit his father, who was conducting a large auction business on Montgomery street near Jackson. He came from New York, where the Y. M. C. A. movement was making a good start, and he talked about it to a young Mr. Benjamin, who was in business on Front street, and the two came to confer with me about starting a movement to organize a Y. M. C. A. I agreed to the proposal, and we three began a canvass among the young men of the churches, and soon had secured enough subscribers to form an Association. They wanted me for president, but I declined the honor, feeling myself too young and inexperienced. So an older man was chosen, whose name I do not recall. When his term of one year had expired I was elected to succeed him. My term expired in 1853, and I remember well reading the second annual report of the president at a large meeting in the new edifice of the First Congregational Church at the corner of California and Dupont streets. The third president of the Association was Dr. H. P. Coon, a member of the First Presbyterian Church, and I think it was then that H. P. Chamberlain was chosen secretary, and rooms were opened for the Association on the north side of California street above Montgomery street, about where the German Savings Bank stands now.

E. P. FLINT.

DISCUSSING THE SERMON.

W. N. Burr.

"What did you think of that sermon?" asked Pixley.

"It was a good one," answered his friend Lorraine; "I am glad I heard it. I feel myself toned up, my perspective better adjusted, my life enriched. It is good to be so held for half an hour in close association with such a man as Gamaliel."

"But didn't it strike you that this sermon would have fitted just as well into a service in a Jewish syynagogue or a Mohammedan mosque?"

"Yes, some such thought as that did float into my mind."

Lorraine pursed his lips, and looked thoughtfully at a figure in the border of the rug at his feet. "But it is quite possible, Pixley, that the man to whom we have just been listening is more loyal to Christ and to distinctively Christian teaching than one might imagine from hearing this one sermon. We have neither of us heard him before. And do you not remember that he spoke of Gamaliel as 'a Pharisee with a great vision of God who had not yet entered into the deeper life of the Christian? Evidently, he gives the Christian system supreme place, and for aught we know he is perfectly orthodox in his conception of the atonement and lordship of Jesus Christ."

"Then why didn't he preach Christ, and not confine himself to Gamaliel?" There was a strong hint of asperity in Pixley's tone.

"Perhaps we'd better wait until we have heard him several times before we try to answer that question," replied Lorraine, with a kindly smile playing upon his face. "No man can put all of himself into one sermon, Pixley. Possibly it is a weakness with many critical sermon-tasters that they do not always give a man a chance to reveal himself all around to them."

"But Christ is the heart of the whole matter, and it is the business of the Christian minister to preach Christ, to 'know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and him crucified,' as Paul wrote to the Corinthians," persisted Pixley.

Lorraine was silent for a moment and then, speaking carefully, he said:

"I agree with you, Pixley, as to the Christian minister's message. You know, I am sure, that Jesus Christ appeals to me as the one to whom 'God hath given a name that is above every name.' I think I know the thrill of the passion of Paul to whom Christ was all, and in all. I acknowledge the lordship of Jesus Christ; my heart clings to Him as my personal Savior; I pray daily that His mind and His spirit may be growing in me.

"But I can conceive of a sermon from a man who loves Christ as dearly as I do, with no more mention of Him than we heard this morning. That sermon was a character-sketch of Gamaliel, a generous-minded Pharisee who, it seems to me, had much of the spirit of Christ, though he had not yet yielded himself to the Christian faith. He was feeling his way, however, under the guidance of a faith in God that puts to shame the weaker faith of many of us who bear the Christian name, and I was glad to be called into the presence of a man who is found so readily referring everything to the power and wisdom of God. What a Christian Gamaliel must have made if he ever did catch the vision of God in Jesus Christ!

"If the sermon we heard this morning is a sample of all the sermons of the man to whom we listened, then I should be compelled to admit that he is not loyal to the message of the Christian minister. If he **never** brings Christ into the foreground any more than he did this morning, then I should feel that he is not the man to break the bread of life to me. But I think we should hear him more than once before we pass judgment upon him. The vacation church-goer who is here today and yonder next Sunday cannot always find the heart of the man to whom he listens in the one sermon he hears him preach. Neither can a 'candidate' reveal himself fully to his hearers by one sermon, or even two of them. Gamaliel was willing to give the new faith a chance to prove itself what it claimed to be. Shall we Christians be less generous than was that Pharisee who was a Jew?"

"Well, it still seems to me that Paul would bring Christ into the foreground in any sermon he might preach, if he were here today," Pixley persistently asserted; "and I don't believe we could listen **once** to Gipsy Smith without knowing that it is his passion to lift up Christ and try to draw men unto **Him.**"

"There are diversities of ministrations and the same Lord," replied Lorraine, tenderly.

Pomona, California.

PAUL CHOVEY.

A Christian Hindu For The Hindus on the Pacific Coast.

As an outcome of the survey of the religious conditions of the state, by the Home Mission Council, a recommendation was made to the Home Mission Boards of the Churches, and the American Bible Society, that they unite in cooperative work in reaching the scattered and now unreached Hindus, Chinese, and Japanese.

Through their representatives belonging to the American Workers, among the Orientals, on the Pacific Coast, the main Church Boards, and the American Bible Society, have

answered this appeal, by engaging for summer work, among the Hindus, Paul Chovey a native Christian from Bombay India.

Mr. Chovey comes especially fitted for this work. He comes from a devoted and consecrated Missionary family. His Father, Kristna Chovey, was **Bishop Wm. Taylor's first Hindu convert** in India. His oldest sister, under the W. F. M. S., is in charge of a Mission School for High Caste Girls, in Bombay. Two other sisters finished their education at Herkimer, New York, and returned to India taking up Missionary work, one in the Isabelle Thoburn College, Lucknow, India, and the other Zenanna work in Bombay.

Converted in his youth, Mr. Chovey attended, in India, the Presbyterian Mission College at Allahabad. While here he took the Wm. Jennings Bryan prize in oratory which, while making his tour in India, Mr. Bryan gave to the student excelling in public speaking.

For the past two years he has been working his way through an American University. He comes to the Coast

from Syracuse University, New York, where he is taking a University and Medical Course, and plans to return to India as a Medical Missionary. He will spend the summer visiting the various Hindu Camps on the Coast, carrying with him a supply of Hindu Scriptures.

Though he will be traveling throughout the Coast his headquarters will be at the Pacific Agency, American Bible Society's Depository, 216 Pacific Building, San Francisco.

Prayer and co-operation is asked for this united work among the strangers from the far East.

THE YEAR BOOK.

The Congregational year book will not be issued this year before the first of July—perhaps a little later than that.

Dr. Anderson furnishes the following advance figures and comparisons:

Table of Comparisons.

Comparisons between the figures reported for year 1911 and figures for year 1912:

Number of Churches, January, 1912, as printed		6,048
Churches added to the list	140	
Churches dropped from the list	124	
Net gain		16
Total number of churches, January 1, 1913		6,064
Number of Churches, A. B. C. F. M.		621
Grand total		6,685
Number of Members, January 1, 1912, as printed		738,741
Gain in 38 states	7,117	
Loss in 15 states	2,832	
Net gain		4,285
Total number of members, January 1, 1913		743,026
Number of members, A. B. C. F. M.		77,619
Grand Total		820,645
Members in Sunday Schools, January 1, 1912, as printed		664,629
Gain in 34 states	16,873	
Loss in 19 states	5,825	
Net gain		11,048
Total number, January 1, 1913		675,677
Number in Mission and Independent Schools		00,000
Grand total		000,000
Number in Young People's Societies, January 1, 1912, as printed		127,952
Gain in 22 states	3,770	
Loss in 29 states	7,068	
Net loss		3,298
Total membership, January 1, 1913		124,654
Amount of Benevolent Offerings to societies, January 1, 1912, as printed		$1,253,372
Gain in 27 states	$25,931	
Loss in 28 states	61,783	
Net loss		35,852
Total, January 1, 1913		$1,217,520
Amount of Congregational Benevolences, January 1, 1912, as printed		$2,454,340
Increase in 25 states	$162,787	
Decrease in 30 states	253,543	
Net loss		90,756
Total contributions, January 1, 1913		$2,363,584
Amount of Home Expenditures, January 1, 1912, as printed		$9,356,122
Increase in 24 states	$366,366	
Decrease in 29 states	414,840	
Net loss		48,504
Total, January 1, 1913		$9,307,618

The foregoing as to Sunday-schools does not include mission and independent schools. So, the total there is for the schools of the churches only.

THE URGENT NEED FOR A NATIONAL MINISTERS' PENSION FUND.

Chester Ferris.

Has not the time arrived when the Churches should really grapple with the necessity of provision for its aged or broken ministers in some adequate and business like manner?

In Germany and England, the wage earning classes have secured advanced legislation for annuities to their workers, paid from the government treasury. Thus they are measurably secure against misfortune; and when old age arrives they shall be sustained securely, and with self respect, receiving dividends from a fund to which they have themselves contributed.

In the list of admirable progressive laws recently passed in California, one provides for the insurance of wage earners against accident, and another for the pensioning of public school teachers. The latter at the age of 60 shall receive an annuity of $500, conditioned on having made a monthly dollar payment for 30 years, or a total of $360 at the time the stipend should commence. For our valuable corps of workers, acknowledged to be inadequately salaried, this is a practicable and just provision of the state. What a relief to the minds through the years will not this security

furnish. Instead too of relaxing thrift, it will encourage persistence of service in their profession.

Why cannot some such system be worked out for the ministry? With no state church, no doubt the denomination must originate and maintain its own fund. Already there are such insurance societies as the Ministers' Casualty Union of Minneapolis where for an annual sum of seven to nine dollars, considerable relief can be secured in case of accident or sickness, or to his family in case of death. We are all familiar with the regular life insurance companies of which many ministers avail themselves. Yet these do not cover the situation. So small is the average salary, that most ministers can save little or nothing even in their best financial years. The wolf of want howls not far away. To provide for the day of incapacity, temptation comes in these days of speculative get rich quick schemes to dabble in real estate or enter business on the side. Sometimes comfortable profits are made, yet alas, how often loss and discouragement. To say that ministers as a class lack business sense may be true or it may be untrue. If untrue, let him use his organizing abilities for the good of the Cause which is large enough to absorb all his energies. If true, it is not to his discredit for the cultivation of the spiritual life and habit of thought should very likely dull the sense for business. Either way the minister ought not to be compelled to enter business to supplement a meager salary. Not only may it harmfully divert his attention from the main issue, it humiliates him with the constant feeling that his own well to do people have so little regard for his services, that they will not justly share their comfort with him. Alas too, how many a minister has lost standing with his church by business entanglements, while others yield to the fascination of finance and drift from the ministry altogether!

The first forward step must be in the direction of larger salaries at least to keep pace with the increasing cost of living. Most of us feel a delicacy however in agitation of the subject. Along one line our modesty need not interfere with earnest effort, that of a pension system.

For ministerial relief, various denominations have already established their societies. Particular zeal is shown by Methodists and Presbyterians. Yet even at the best, the relief is pitiably meagre. Only those in real want would think to avail themselves of it. Such doles cannot escape the malodor of charity, whose acceptance is a last resort. Let there be a fund, contributed to by all, sufficiently large to care for all, and to which all shall come as a matter of right, without patronage or condescension. Contemplate the time when a minister of faithful years of service can draw $500 yearly as the dividends of a fellowship fund which himself has earned! Thus the teachers, why not the pastors?

Brothers, it is time we place the gate, Security, at the sixtieth mile stone of the minister's journey. Let our able business men work out a scheme of adequate insurance Perhaps the California law for teachers will outline the process, only with us, the denomination must be the party responsible for the holding company and its funds. Not having at hand any estimate of the contributions necessary, let us suppose some such method as the following: Minister and Church to contribute equal monthly payments to the general fund; perhaps from each a half dollar or dollar per month, surely possible for all; at 60 years of age after payments for 30 years, the annuity of $500 becomes due; and a graduated scheme for lesser amounts if disability should descend at an earlier age; present methods of relief to continue until the more adequate plan should fully operate. Evidently, only the present younger men, would be in the sphere of benefit. But we too shall soon be old. Let us set in motion an enterprise which will change the tone of thousands of ministers' lives, from present financial anxiety to a freedom of best energies in a pleasurable sense of security. It is a duty the Church owes its pastors; it is a duty they owe themselves.

Will not our business men work out the principle into a practical plan? Should not even the National Council and the State Conferences consider it sufficiently important, to form commissions who shall expedite this work? Let us earnestly study the matter.

Corona, California.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Lodi.—A call has been given the Rev. F. V. Jones of Niles.

San Francisco, Bethlehem.—The Rev. A. Drahms will occupy the pulpit for the next two Sundays.

San Francisco, Bethany.—The pulpit was occupied last Sunday by the Rev. H. V. Hartshorn of Los Angeles.

Redlands.—The church at Redlands has asked the Rev. Dr. Williams to be pastor emeritus at a salary of $1,000 a year.

Santa Ana.—The Rev. F. Staff of Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, has been called to the pastorate at Santa Ana, and has accepted.

Berkeley, First.—The pulpit will be occupied by the Rev. George B. Hatch, a former pastor. Mr. Hatch will continue during June and July.

Pasadena.—The Rev. Dr. Fox will take a three months' vacation, beginning the first of July. He plans to go to the Canadian Northwest.

San Francisco, First.—The Plymouth building has been sold to the Reformed Church in America and will be used by it for Japanese mission work. Although the Reformed Church has no church organization in San Francisco it has long had strong missions in Japan, and the work here and there will be mutually helpful. Work will begin soon on the new house of worship. It will be a steel frame structure with walls of concrete. It will have a seating capacity of 1500. Ten months will be required for construction.

Oakland, Plymouth.—Mr. Palmer started this week on his trip abroad. Mrs. Palmer, while he is absent, will be with relatives in the state of New York. Arrangements for pulpit supply are as follows: June 22nd: morning,

Dr. Hager on "Sun Yat Sen, the George Washington of China"; evening, Mr. D. J. Bradley. June 29th: Prof. Wm. F. Bade, of Pacific Theological Seminary will preach at both services. July 6th: Dr. Charles W. Sheldon of Topeka, Kansas, author of "In His Steps." July 13th, Rev. W. W. Willard of San Jose. July 20th: Dean Norton of Pomona College. July 27th: Rev. T. T. Giffen of Fresno, California. August 3rd: Rev. Hiram B. Harrison of Kansas City, Missouri. August 10th: Rev. Henry K. Booth of Long Beach, California. August 17th: Pres. Chas. S. Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary. August 24th to September 28th inclusive: Rev J. H. Williams, D. D., of Redlands, California.

Los Angeles First.—Dr. M. H. Turk received a letter from the secretary of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society in which he said: "I want you to know how much we appreciate the splendid address which Dr. Wm. Horace Day gave to us at our annual meeting at Fall River. It was just the word needed to be said, and it was worth coming across the continent to say it to us. We shall not soon forget the inspiration of the address."—June 15th was observed as Children's Day in this church. Children are fond of the sun, so he honored their day with sweetest sunshine. The examinations and related exercises were held in the Parish building auditorium. Dr. Day thought the work done in the Bible school the past year surpassed the work of any year since he came to this church. The superintendent expressed the same opinion, and teachers and department officers received high praise. The presentation of diplomas took place in the main auditorium forming a part of the morning service. The number of graduates from each department was as follows: Beginners' grade, 8; primary grade, 14; junior grade, 17; intermediate grade, 20. There were ten boys in each of the last two graduating classes. The sermon by Dr. Turk was an interesting and instructive story about "A Little Lad of Galilee"—the one who furnished the five loaves and two fishes that fed the multitude.

Long Beach.—Nearly all the money has been pledged for the new church building which will cost $85,000 including a pipe organ and chimes. Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Bixley have subscribed $25,000. The new church building will be of the pure Romanesque type of architecture, being almost an exact reproduction of some of the beautiful churches of the type in southern Italy. It is to be constructed entirely of dark red brick and the trimmings will be in terra cotta, of a shade to reproduce as closely as possible the old marble with which these Itailan churches are trimmed. The two striking features of the building will be the stately campanile, or bell-tower, twenty feet square and ninety feet in height, in which it is expected will be placed a bell and a set of chimes, and the three magnificent rose windows, eighteen feet in diameter, which, with their delicate tracing, will be exquisitely beautiful. There will be a basement excavated under the entire building. The main entrance to this will be on the north. On the right of the entrance will be the primary rooms with a large assembly room, 28x48 feet, three for class rooms and a room for the primary sanctuary. Beyond are the ladies' and misses' dressing rooms. On the southeast corner, reached by a separate entrance, is the spacious kitchen, 25x26 feet with serving room, sinks, cupboards and every modern device. Under the main auditorium, the east half of the room contains two dining rooms, the larger one, 54x93 feet, and the smaller, 19x58 feet, divided when necessary by accordian doors. At one end of the large dining room is a stage with curtain and footlights and ample dressing rooms. In this large room will also be the gymnasium for boys and girls of the church. The main floor contains the auditorium and Sunday school rooms, entirely separate from each other. The auditorium will have three entrances, the main entrance being on the northeast corner. Entering here through a vestibule one steps into the beautiful foyer, 10 x 60 feet, from which large swinging doors lead into the auditorium. At the south end of this room will be the pulpit, choir loft and organ. This room will be finished with heavy beam ceiling and will be lighted by three large rose windows on the east, north and west. The Sunday school assembly room, 35x35 feet, occupies the west half of the main floor. It will contain three large class rooms and four small class rooms, the Christian Endeavor room and the room for the secretary. The third floor of the church will contain the galleries which with the main floor, will accommodate in all 1400 people. The west half will contain class rooms, the pastor's study and the beautiful ladies' parlor, 38x24 feet, with a kitchenette for serving light refreshments. Taken in its entirety this new building will be as complete a plant as any church in Southern California possesses.

EUREKA.

Rev. H. E. Banham who is closing a pastorate of five years in Eureka, is leaving behind many friends, and numerous evidences of his Christian influence on the community.

The fellowship of the churches was expressed by a union meeting Sunday evening, when the congregations from the other churches filled the house. The pastors spoke briefly, and Mr. Banham preached the sermon. Many expressions of regret because of his going are heard from various sources.

Last night, the 10th, a farewell reception was given in the Congregational church, participated in by the other churches and townspeople. The churches represented were the Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist, Christian, and Presbyterian. Addresses were made by the pastors, and representatives of the different organiations of the churches, and a program of music and song of unusual merit was rendered.

The keynote of the speeches was manifested in the appreciation of Mr. Banham's work for civic righteousness. He has been untiring in his endeavors to eradicate some of the evils that have existed in the town of Eureka. He has opposed the saloon, and all for which it stands, therefore the Christian people feel indebted to him for much of the prgoress that has been made in a growing sentiment for a clean city. He was commended for his kindly spirit, his brotherly fellowship, and courage.

In the pulpit Mr. Banham has preached an unqualified evangelical gospel, in which the Savior has been emphasized in all the fulness of his saving power. The church therefore has been benefited in its spiritual life.

The finances of the church are in excellent condition, all bills met and debts wiped out. And at this gathering last evening a gift of $150 was made to the retiring pastor

as an evidence of the good will and appreciation of the people.

It is recognized that Mr. Banham's place will be difficult to fill; the church, however, is looking forward with hopefulness for the right man, at the right time.

At a meeting of the Brotherhood of the First Congregational Church the following resolutions were adopted: "To Rev. H. E. Banham:

"Resolved, That it is with sincere regret that the Brotherhood learns of your determination to sever your connection with this church. We have ever found you an earnest and devoted Christian teacher, a faithful preacher of a true gospel, and a tireless worker for the best interests of those who desire to be drawn together in the bonds of Christian fellowship. You have fostered and strengthened in every way you knew the feeling of brotherhood, not only in our own organization, but in connection with those who follow other churches. The work which you have initiated and carried out through our Brotherood entitles you to the highest commendation.

"Resolved, That your departure will be felt as a loss to the whole community, for among men you have ever stood as an active and fearless leader against every vice that has tended to lower the manhood and womanhood of our city. The stand which you have taken in behalf of that uprightness and elevation of that moral character which insures good citizenship and civic righteousness is appreciated throughout our city and county.

"It will be no easy matter to fill the place you have taken in the strife of civic forces around us.

"In leaving you have with you the esteem and appreciation of our Brotherhood, and we pray God that for many long years, your life and health will be such as to enable you to fulfill with success the mission you have chosen."

E. J. S.

WASHINGTON.

Seattle—The Rev. Dr. Sydney Strong was in Victoria last Sunday and gave the sermon in dedication of the edifice for the First Congregational Church of that city.

Seattle, Plymouth.—Sunday evening there was held in Plymouth church the first of the union evening services in which most of the Congregational churches of Seattle are to unite for the summer. The Rev. E. W. Ellis, Plymouth's missionary to China, and the Rev. W. H. Gulick of Spain were the speakers.

Seattle.—The first of a series of Sunday afternoon services was held Sunday, June the 8th, at 5 o'clock in the beautiful garden of the Pilgrim Congregational Church. Benches were placed here and there among the shrubbery and the sermon was delivered by Mr. Brown, the pastor, from the front porch which opens directly into the garden.

Seattle, Pilgrim.—On a recent calendar appeared the following "Prayer for My Tongue": Dear Lord and Father of all mankind, keep me from every evil word; from the fool's idle levity and the scorner's bitter speech: from all unkindness, impurity, hasty temper and useless complaint; from all flattery and falsehood. Keep me from insincerity, impatience and petulant tones in petty trials. Tame Thou this tongue which I cannot tame and set thy seal of truth and love upon every word and tone. Let me learn the grace of silence and the art of sympathetic listening. Amen."

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. E. J. Singer is at Eureka and will have charge of the church there until a successor to Mr. Banham is secured.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity Professor Bade of Pacific Theological Seminary will read a paper on "The Relation of Jeremiah to Deuteronomy." It will be helpful both to the speaker and the hearer if those in attendance will arrange to have Bibles for reference. Professor Bade will in all probability continue the subject the following Monday.

Pacific Coast delegates to the National Council in Kansas City in October have been elected as follows: Rev. Chas. F. Aked, San Francisco; Rev. Geo. E. Atkinson, Campbell; President Jas. A. Blaisdell, Claremont; Rev. S. S. Carson, Rosedale; Rev. C. F. Clapp, Washougal, Wash.; Rev. E. Constant, Portland, Ore.; Rev. R. H. Edmonds, Olympia, Wash.; Rev. F. W. Fairfield, Los Angeles; Mr. John P. Fiske, Redlands; Rev. D. F. Fox, Pasadena; Amos Hiatt, Ceres; Rev. R. B. Larkin, Los Angeles; Mr. George W. Marston, San Diego; Mr. R. C. McAllister, Seattle; Mr. I. H. Morse, San Francisco; Mr. E. F. Otto, Santa Cruz; Rev. A. B. Patten, Sacramento; Rev. Horace Porter, Riverside; Rev. W. D. Redburn, Loomis; Rev. A. B. Roberts, Antioch; Rev. J. M. Schaefle, Los Angeles; Mr. G. W. Scott, Alameda; Rev. R. H. Sink, Stockton; Rev. A. J. Sullens, Boise, Idaho; Rev. W. B. Thorp, San Diego; Mr. W. C. Wheeler, Tacoma; Rev. H. H. Wikoff, Berkeley; Mr. F. H. Wilcox, La Manda Park; Rev. J. H. Williams, Redlands.

MRS. HELEN WOODHULL POND.

An Appreciation.

A majority, doubtless, of those with whom my wife was so intimately and delightfully associated not only in local church work but in the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, the W. H. M. U., the W. C. T. U. and the Y. W. C. A., have preceded her in entering the church of the First Born above, but there remains a goodly number with us yet, and I cannot doubt that to them an estimate of her character with some reminiscences will be interesting, and that all who read this sketch may be profited by it. Perhaps it should be written by some other than her husband, but who can know her quite so well as he whose work she shared, whose home she sanctified, whose perplexities her wisdom relieved and whose very life was bound up with her for fifty-two years?

She was the daughter of Rev. Richard and Mrs. Sarah F. Woodhull, born in Thomaston, Maine, where her father was a pastor for twenty-five years, on June 12th, 1836. She was one of ten children, seven daughters and three sons, of whom but two survive. It was a very happy home when I first entered it, during the long vacation of my senior year in Bowdoin College. A very limited income was made to go a great way in providing comfort for the body and cheer

and culture for the inner man; and when I was called back to take charge of the academy for one year after my graduation, the prospect of a home in that house was a chief inducement to accept the call.

At that time twelve years old, she became my pupil and made a record which foretokened her future as one equal to any intellectual task to which she ever was called. I made discipline easy in the school-room, not by recording delinquencies but excellencies, and each pupil was credited with every day not stained by disorderly whispering or by an illgotten lesson. She had been hindered before, and was ill advanced considering her age, at the beginning of that year, unable to answer very simple questions in geography, grammar or arithmetic; but during the year she was the leading pupil in a class that left geography, as given in any text-book at hand with us, far behind, that completed the study of a very thorough and difficult arithmetic, that in grammar was occupied with the analysis of difficult sentences and with varied rhetorical studies, that had taken up Latin and advanced in it till ready to commence reading Virgil, and that at the same rate of progress would have been prepared in less than another year to enter college. And this pupil, covering all this ground, had a spotless record throughout the year, every day showing perfect order and perfect lessons. We were not enthralled by any iron-clad arrangement of grades, but were at liberty to get on as far and as fast as we could. Possibly some may be almost appalled at such mental progress, as though it must have been made at the risk of physical ruin. But it did not prove so in her or any case. Again and again I have heard her say: "I used to be proud to say that I was perfectly well." My recollection is that in those days it was not good form for young ladies to be well. That was quite necessary for washer women and domestics but not for young ladies.

But it was not in the fields of scholarship or literature that Helen was to shine. The mother heart was too warm and deep for that. Having brothers and sisters in goodly number, younger than herself, she began very early to mother them. I never knew her to have dolls or animal pets; the babies were her pets. And she attended them so constantly that she was brought into physical peril by it. For my first sight of her was of a hollow-chested, round-shouldered child, through the carrying of loads too heavy in her arms. Happily this was discovered early enough to arrest the process and to bring chest and shoulders to their places and restore to her the form which at sweet sixteen was one element in her rare beauty.

At this time there began to appear the wonderful winsomeness which continued with her life-long. People could not help loving her, no matter what the mutual relationship might be. When fifteen years of age she was sent to the home of an aunt in Bangor, that she might have a year's tuition in the public high school for girls. She came to have almost a city-wide reputation as the universal favorite . I was passing out one evening from our city hall in a dense crowd, and saw her with her escort coming towards us in the opposite aisle, and overheard a lady saying to another, "There is that Helen Woodhull that all the girls in the high school are crazy about." Every one of them wished to be, and somehow came to be, her intimates.

While I was teaching the academy, her older sister Carrie and I became betrothed to each other. When I went at the close of that year to the Theological Seminary at Bangor, I found there, to my glad surprise, a college classmate, named Daniel Webster Pickard. He was the youngest in our class and I was next to him with but three months between us. Alphabetically we sat side by side in our recitations through all the college course, and now we were to have three years more together. We came into most intimate friendship. We had a little parish all our own in one of the suburbs of the city. We spent an hour of almost every day engaged in elocutionary exercises in a large audience-room. He came to be for me then, and has ever since seemed to me to be, an ideal young man. He was a fine scholar, a fine writer, fine socially, with his play of humor, his utter absence of youthful conceit, his having ready the right word at the right time, and his absolute reliability. He taught in Sunday School a class of young ladies into which Helen was put. It was on both sides a case of love at first sight, and she was scarcely sixteen when they became engaged.

When my wife and I were sailing for California round Cape Horn, she spoke to me in a tone so impressive that I could never forget the words, though I had no idea of them as prophetic: "Willie, I think that Webster and I will be taken and you and Helen will be left." After eight years it was fulfilled, he going to heaven in January and she in June of 1860.

An hour or two before my Carrie left me, she said to me that she would be glad to have her widowed sister come out and care for the two children whom she was leaving behind, and I promised to do whatever I could do to bring this about; and as soon as I could I wrote of this to Helen. In those days we had but two mails each month between California and the East, and letters were a month on the way. Among them letters that came to Carrie soon after her death, was one from Helen saying that no other child in the world could be so dear to her as our Helen Webster (named for this aunt and her husband), and pleading with us to give the child to her. Yet when my letter reached her, she saw insuperable obstacles in the way of acceding to her sister's request. But those obstacles were finally removed, and to that request of her sister and the deep, tender mother-heart in herself, I owe it that I had her precious helpfulness for more than fifty years.

During these years a goodly number of children besides our own have had her mother care, and have wished and been allowed to call her "Mother." And no terms of endearment could be stronger or more sincere than those these foster children use.

This could not have been so if, with this winsomeness and this mother heart, there had not been a consummate executive ability. This was not, it is true, very publicly revealed. Its sphere was mainly the home. Yet I am sure the sisters in the Woman's Board and other missionary associations observed it and were aided by it. I have looked back over our half century together, over the years of my pastorates in Downieville, in Petaluma and in San Francisco, and I cannot recall a single undertaking of hers which she did not carry through to success. The missionary societies in Bethany Church, whether of young ladies or of their elders, never failed of their full quotas, though so quiet and winsome and lovingly sly was the power behind them, that no one ever felt under pressure from her. A few times she set out of her own motion to raise by subscription for improvements what we brethren ought to have supplied and did not, and the money never failed to come.

There was a way of approaching people which made them not only willing to subscribe but thankful to her for calling upon them.

She was not talkative as a Christian, yet she was a willing witness for Christ. When she took a Sunday-school class, it seemed almost a foregone conclusion that the members of the class would become Christians, but this not through the multitude or the urgency of her exhortations, but rather through the light of Christ that shone from her in all her intercourse with them. And that witness, it seems to me, has never been more impressive than during these two years during most of which she has been called to bear God's will rather than to do it in active service. The mystery of these months of suffering is solved for her now as she begins to see what compensations her Guide and Saviour was preparing for her. She is satisfied, awaking in His likeness.

RISEN.

"Between the worlds she hovered, as if both
Drew her by turns to go, and still to stay;
To leave earth's preciousness, her heart was loath,
While yet her spirit fluttered towards the Day.

So close to the Divine, her soul had dwelt,
From this world into that, not far the flight;
How many a life the glow of hers has felt,
Because she lived so near the Land of Light!
Closely companioned were her word and deed;
Thus are they vital in the memory;
Hers was a faithful sowing of sound seed,
Whose harvesting now is and is to be.

In but not of the world; with grace and cheer,
She wrought her selfless, high activities;
And even worldlings felt, when she was near,
How full of charm, a Christly Christian is!"

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR MRS. POND.

"The most apparent thing about Mrs. Pond was her extreme beauty, a beauty which even the ravages of illness could not entirely efface, and which was a result not merely of regularity of feature, but of the true soul which was hers." These striking words were used by Dr. Arthur H. Briggs, for many years a close friend of Mrs. Pond, as he spoke of her life and character Sunday afternoon in Bethany Church, San Francisco, where she labored so long and was loved so well.

Other tributes of affection were by Mr. James E. Agar, the first treasurer of Bethany Church, and who knew Mrs Pond from his boyhood in Downieville, where Dr. Pond was pastor for ten years; by Mrs. Barbour, representing the Woman's Board, of which Mrs. Pond was one of the vice-presidents for years, and by the ministers of the Chinese and Japanese churches, Pastor Chin Toy and Rev. J. K. Fukushima. Prayer was offered by Rev. L. B. Briggs, now of Santa Cruz, but for several years pastor of Bethany and the benediction was given by Rev. Harold V. Hartshorn of the West End Church of Los Angeles, who presided over the meeting.

In the death of Mrs. Pond another of the links which bind modern Californian church life to the attractive pioneer days is gone. Very few of the founders are yet with us. To us of today no such opportunity of sharing in the beginnings of great movements can be given. Our great work among the Orientals in California is to a very large degree her work. She was one of the founders of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific. Bethany Church, with its great influence, past and present, was her creation as well as Dr. Pond's. But a mere catalog of her work cannot show the strength, winsomeness and Christian charity which were apparent to all who had the opportunity of knowing her.

It was to express their appreciation of just these qualities that the large gathering came together in Bethany. And as they spoke of her the prevailing thought seemed to be not the un-Christian giving away to a vain grief over the loss of one beloved of all, but of thanking God for the victorious life she had been permitted to live. One of the greatest hymns which we have, in its use of the figure of the warrior life which we all share, whether men or women, might express the deep emotions of the friends gathered in her honor in the church which she loved for forty years:

"For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed.

"The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes Thy rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

"But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way.

"From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
'Hallelujah, Hallelujah!'"

IN MEMORY OF IRA. G. HAMBLETON.

A most tender and touching service occurred at our Sebastopol church on June 5th, when the remains of Rev. Ira G. Hambleton, a former pastor, who died at San Jose on the 3rd, were brought there for burial. No pastor was ever more beloved by a church and community than he was there. Loving hands decked the church with beautiful flowers; old time friends sang his favorite hymns; the lodge of Odd Fellows of which he was a member attended in a body, and the people of the town, regardless of church affiliation, testified of their love by filling every available seat in the building. The pastor, Rev. Frank W. Dean, touched a responsive chord in the hearts of many when he showed how for Mr. Hambleton it had been "Christ to live" and so was "gain to die." Deacon C. E. Wingate, of Santa Rosa, who as a man of middle age had known him as a lad in Iowa, and had followed his ministry with deep interest and loving prayers, spoke tender words of appreciation of him as man and minister.

Mr. Hambleton was born in Ohio, of parents who belonged to the Society of Friends. He graduated at Cornell (Iowa) College and Chicago Theological Seminary. His first call was to a Congregational Church in Alabama. At that time he severed his connection with the Friends, and entered our fellowship. Later he served churches in Iowa and at Angels Camp and Sebastopol, Cal.

The Home.

THE BEAUTIFUL HOUSE OF TO-DAY.

A pilgrim was passing the wide-open door
Of the house by the side of the way,
As an angel stood waiting and calling to him
From the beautiful house of To-day.
"O, enter ye here; 'twas built just for you;
Come dwell in this beautiful place,
For other shall never be open to you
From to-day to the end of the race."

But the pilgrim saw not its glory or worth.
"I see not the beauty you say.
To me 'tis only a bare, lonely place;
'Tis only the house of To-day.
While onward before in my journey I see
A house that is wondrously fair:
'Tis the house of To-morrow that soon I shall see,
That is free from the burdens of care."

And the angel said sadly, "Farewell, farewell,"
As the pilgrim pressed forth on his way
To the house of To-morrow he had seen just ahead,
And lo, 'twas the house of To-day.
Its glory and splendor had seemed to depart;
"Not the house of To-morrow," he cried,
And the angel still stood by the wide-open door
And pleadingly pressed to his side.

How often we all, in the journey of life,
Impatiently press on our way,
Nor see in our haste that beautiful place,
The beautiful house of To-day.
But the house of To-morrow we constantly seek,
And turn from the angel away,
Who lovingly, pleadingly calls us to dwell
In the beautiful house of To-day.

—Willis Blanchard.

WHEN WE CRITICIZE.

No one who habitually points out others' failures can be a success himself. There is something about the habit of criticism that prevents the free, full expression of good in the life of the critic. It has been said, for example, that "professional literary critics never turn out any good literature. Their habitual attitude of criticism dries up the sources of literary production." Whether this sweeping statement is true in every case or not, it suggests a warning that most of us need to think about. To be habitually interested in seeing and speaking about the failures of others is to dry up our own powers of good. And the reverse is equally true; to be sensitively conscious of the good that is in others, to discover it and talk about it freely, is to bring good into being in our own lives that might otherwise never come into existence. How much better it is to discover that which makes for life than that which makes for death!—S. S. Times.

THE GIFT OF APPRECIATION.

"There is one thing about Helen," said a girl speaker; "she has a genuine gift of appreciation. Whenever you speak of anybody she always seems to bubble over with some kindly appreciation of her. When someone remarked the other day that Miss K—was not at all pretty, she broke in with, 'Yes, but then some people don't need to be pretty; they're nice enough without it.' It is always that way with her; she has seen the gleam of gold somewhere in somebody that nobody else ever detected or thought of looking for. Her older sister is a splendid musician and her younger is quite a brilliant elocutionist, but I don't know but I'd rather have Helen's talent of appreciating people than to have the gifts of either of the others. I believe she gets more joy out of it and perhaps gives more joy with it.

It is a talent toward the acquiring of which we can do a great deal by practice, even if we seem to be lacking in it by nature.—Onward.

THE TROUBLES I SEE.

Whatever you do don't get into the habit of being sorry for yourself. Nothing will spoil your disposition and make you an all-round nuisance to your friends much quicker or more thoroughly than an indulgence in that thoroughly bad habit. Of course you have quite a few troubles and difficulties, but, dear me, other folks have had as many and as serious ones and still have kept sweet and smiling and said very little about it. An overindulgence in self-pity reacts on one and makes him as soft and flabby and egotistical as a petted child. Magnifying your tribulations and then sitting down and sighing and weeping over them is a very foolish and a very un-Christian thing to do. But many of us do it, just the same, at least to some degree.—The Christian Guardian.

THE GOOD AND BAD DAYS.

William Johnston, writing some sound advice in the American Magazine says: "Good days and bad days exist only in your own head. The weather has nothing to do with it. Each day is what you make it for yourself. Bad weather is only an unfortunate opinion.

"Suppose it is raining pitchforks. You get word that your salary has been doubled or that a forgotten uncle has left you a million dollars. What do you care about the weather then? Or suppose the person you love is dying. Unexpectedly a turn for the better comes. The doctor says that your dear one will live. What if it is hotter than Tophet? It is a good day, a great day, a happy day.

"It's what you think and feel about it that makes each day what it is. You, within yourself, can make each day, every day, a good day. Put down in the notebook of your soul the poet Runeberg's thought:

" 'Each day is a life.'

"When you get up in the morning throw back your shoulders, take a deep breath. Meet the new day like a man. Say to yourself:

" 'Another day—another life!'

"For all we know it may be the only day we'll ever have. Let's make it the best day we can. Let's strive to see that

it is a day worth while. Let's move a step forward in our work. Let's do all the good we can. Let's get all the happiness we can—to-day.

"Right now is the only time you can control. Yesterday is a record. To-morrow is a secret. To-day is yours, is mine."

SET DOWN THE BURDEN.

An aged weary-looking woman, with a heavy basket upon her arm, entered the train at one of the way stations. Carrying her burden with some difficulty down the aisle, she found an empty seat, of which she took possession. Instead of placing her burden upon the floor or upon the seat beside her, she continued to hold it, shifting its weight now and then from one knee to the other. A workingman across the aisle watched her for some time in silence, but at last, when he could stand it no longer, he reached over and touched the woman upon the arm. "Madam," he said, "if you will set your basket down, the train will carry both it and you."

How much of human nature there is in this little incident! Some people never try to "ease the burden" which circumstance has decreed shall be theirs. They insist on carrying it, even when they might temporarily lay it down and ease their breaking backs.—Farm and Fireside.

For The Children.

THE BIRDIES' BALL.

Spring once said to the Nightingale,
"I mean to give you birds a ball,
Pray, ma'am, ask the birdies, all,
The birds and birdies great and small."
Tra la la la la, tra la la la la, tra la la.

Soon they came from bush and tree,
Singing sweet their songs of glee,
Each one fresh from its cosey nest,
Each one dressed in its Sunday best.

The Wren and Cuckoo danced for life,
The Raven waltzed with the Yellowbird's wife,
The awkward Owl and the bashful Jay
Wished each other a very good day.

A Woodpecker came from his hole in the tree,
And brought his bill to the company,
For the cherries ripe and the berries red;
'Twas a very long bill, so the birdies said.

They danced all day till the sun was low,
Till the mother birds prepared to go,
When one and all, both great and small,
Flew home to their nests from the birdies' ball.

—Apsley Street.

THE COW AND HER CALVES.

Mamma went one afternoon to see Little Boy's auntie. Little Boy was left at home with the servants, for his sisters and brothers were all at school.

"Now, Son,' said the lady as she kissed the little man goodby, "stay at home, and do not go out of the yard. I should like to carry you with me, but dear Auntie is very sick, and her own children are not allowed to stay at home."

Little Boy promised to obey her, but soon after she had gone he grew tired of the house and all his pets and playthings. From the back porch he could look down into the pasture where the horses were grazing quietly and the young colts were galloping and prancing over the velvet Bermuda grass. Several negro boys from ten to twelve years old were chasing the gay, young animals about, and now and then a yell of delight came to the ears of the lonely little watcher on the veranda.

At last, forgetting Mamma's directions, Little Boy sprang down the steps and was soon sporting gaily with Dick, Jim, Erasmus, and the other colored boys in the pasture. After an hour of happiness he was startled by the enraged bellowing of an excited cow. One of the lads had been teasing the new calf of old Strawberry, and the mother came charging at full speed after the offender, who ran in great fear toward the fence. All the boys ran, and Little Boy in his fright went splashing through the tiny brook which lay between him and the pasture gap. His clothes were spattered with mud and his shoes were soaked with water, but he ran on straight ahead. In his great terror, he mistook the gap and touched the fence where the briers and thorns were thickest. He plunged right among them, tearing his clothes and painfully scratching his hands and dimpled legs.

The fence was twelve rails high, and after scrambling to the top, the highest rail turned and the young man was thrown to the ground amid the blackberry bushes on the other side. Too proud to cry, he hobbled to the house, where Viney bathed his bruised face and bound his wounds in soft cloths and soothing liniment. He went to bed and did not wake till morning.

Mamma did not whip or scold him. She saw his penitence and knew that he had suffered enough already. For two or three days he was very quiet and submissive, and all the family began to love him and be proud of him again.

One afternoon he asked permission to visit Big Mammy, and Mamma readily consented, for she saw that the aged negress had a wonderful influence for good with the child. She gave him some coffee and sugar to carry to his old friend, and Little Boy was very happy to be intrusted with her packages. Mammy had heard all about the adventure in the pasture and the sad end of his stolen pleasure, and so she was better and kinder to him than ever. After telling him "howdy," she said, "Here, Honey, come, eat dis hard biled egg, and a piece ob dis fresh ash cake I hab baked fur my ole man, an' while you sets dar an' eats, I'll tell you a tale."

One time dere was a cow dat was a widder. She had two little calves, an' had to work mighty hard to support dem orphan chillun. They lived in a little house in a wood full of wild beasts, an' as she had to leabe dem all day long, she tole de calves to be mighty 'tickler to stay in de house an' not go out walking or open de door to any one when she was away. When she would come home, she say she gwine holler, "I want some linen cal-i-co!" and den dey must open de door an' let her in.

Now dere was an ole bear dat had been lookin' at dese calves a long time, an' his mouth watered ebry time he seed 'em. He heerd dey maw tell 'em whut she gwine say when she come home and he kep' a practicing to hisself, "I want

some linen cal-i-co! I want some linen cal-ico," till he knew it by heart.

When de cow had been gone 'bout an hour, he come a runnin' to de house and say in a coarse voice, "I want some linen cal-i-co!"

De calves know dat ain't dere maw's voice, 'cause it is too coarse, so dey didn't open de door.

Just 'fore night de cow come home, an' soon as she gits in sight she 'gins to holler, "I want some linen cal-ico," an' keep on calling till her chillun open de door. She den gibs dem dey supper, and tole 'em dey did right not to open de door. "You all better look out ob de keyhole, and see if it's me before you unlock de door, for meat is mighty skerce in dis wood, and all de animals want some mighty bad, an' you all is mighty fat."

The bear did not come any more in a long time, but ebry day he listen at de cow when she call in de ebening. He practice and he practice, bofe de words an' de voice of de mother, den one day about two hours befo' de cow come back, he come to de dore, an' he say des like de cow, "I want some linen cal-ico!" ,

De calves forgot to mind dey maw and peep through the keyhole, so dey open de door and de bear got in an' eat dem up.

When de mammy cow got home, she did not see any sign of dem, but de tail of one, and de hoofs of de yuther! Now, she was 'termined to punish de bear. She went froo de woods and she tole all de animals she was gwine fine out who killed her chillun. Ebry one of 'em said, "Deed, Miss Cow, it was not me. I hope you don't think I killed yore babies." All de same, she say dat dey mus' 'stablish dey innocence by de trial by fire.

She dug a deep ditch and made in it a big fire of pine—fat pine! Den she say, "Now all of you mus' jump over. No danger for de innocent, but woe to de guilty!"

Now all of dem was anxious to prove dey was not thiebs and rascals, so dey all come. Fust de ole Jack Rabbit he take two steps backward and den he run an' jump. "Lind-de-dip, I am over!" Next de 'coon, den de 'possum, den de mink, den de fox, den de wolf, den de sheep, den de goat, den de horse an all de beasts little and big, dey run an' jump clean ober de fire, and all of dem so glad to holler out, "I'm over!" Las' of all come de ole bear, but he tremble so he can't jump an' he fell in an' burnt up.

"So, Mammy," said Little Boy, "he got paid for his meanness, but that did not bring back the little calves to their mother."

"No, chile, nuffin eber could bring 'em back."

"If they had minded their mamma, and looked through the keyhole, they would not have been eaten by the bear," said Little Boy again.

"Of cose not," answered Big Mammy.—Primary Plans.

Consider not my little worth—
The mean achievement, scamped in act,
The high resolve and low result.
The dream that durst not face the fact.

But count the reach of my desire.
Let this be something in thy sight—
I have not, in the slothful dark,
Forgot the vision and the height.

—Charles G. D. Roberts.

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